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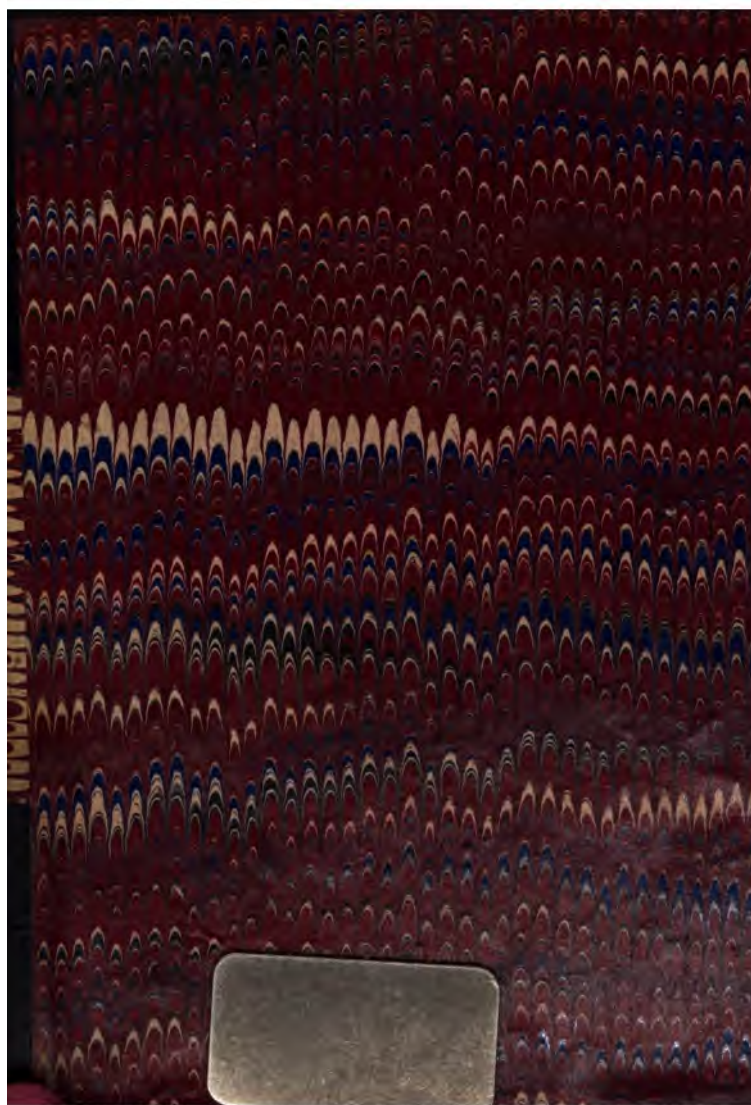
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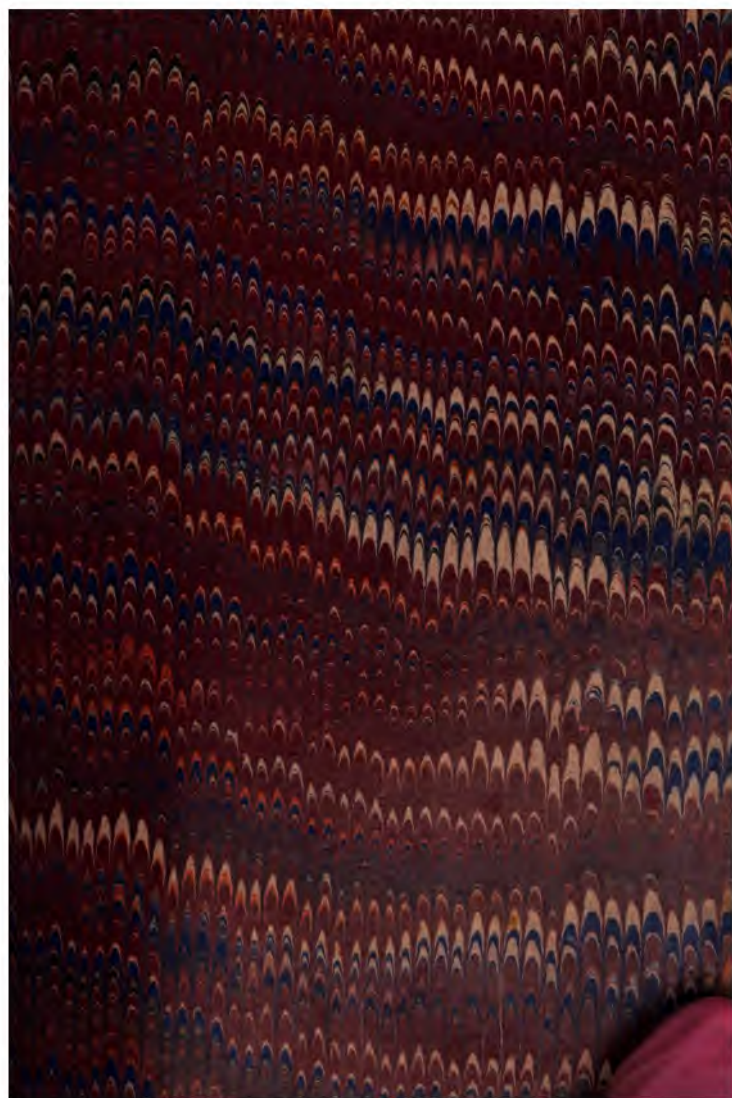
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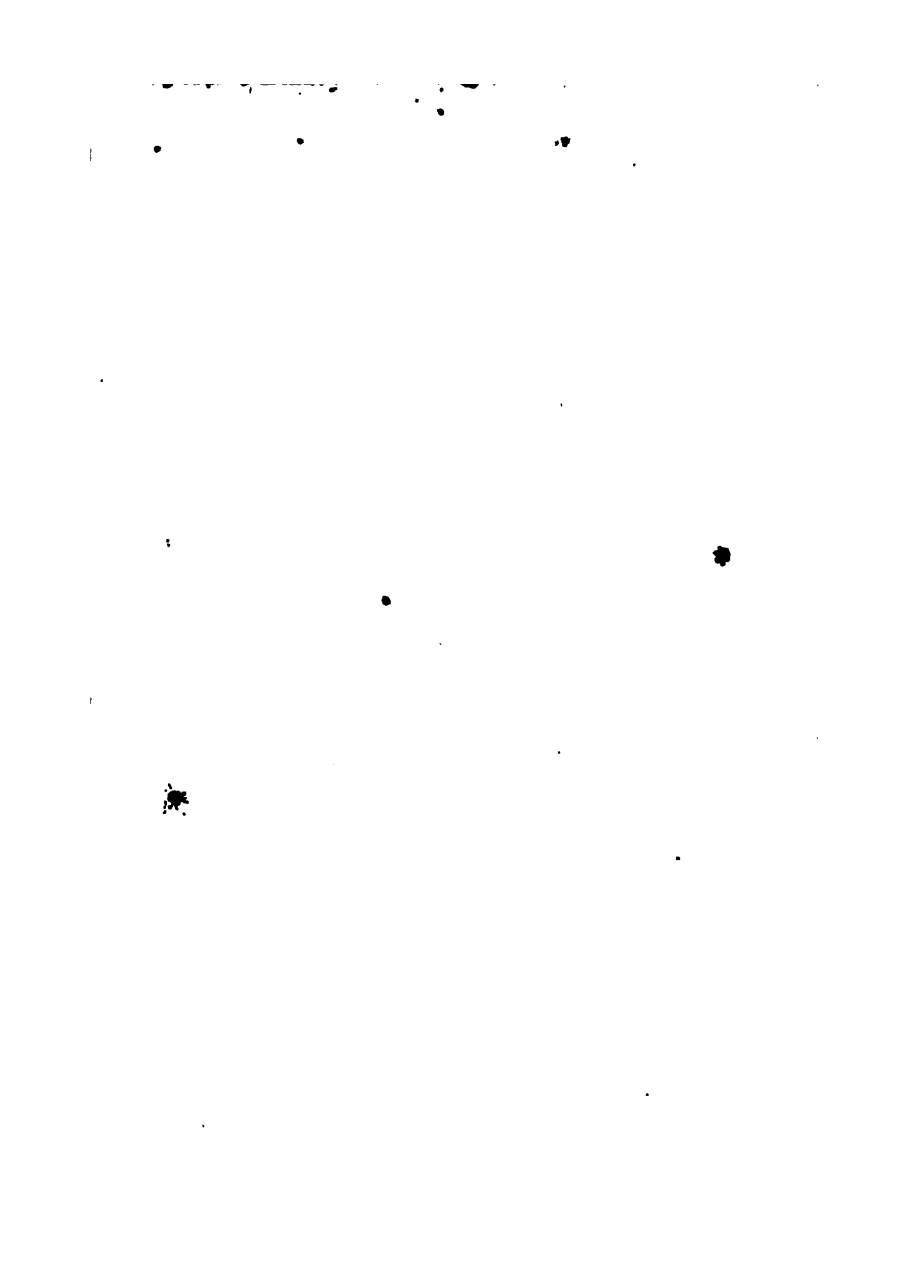
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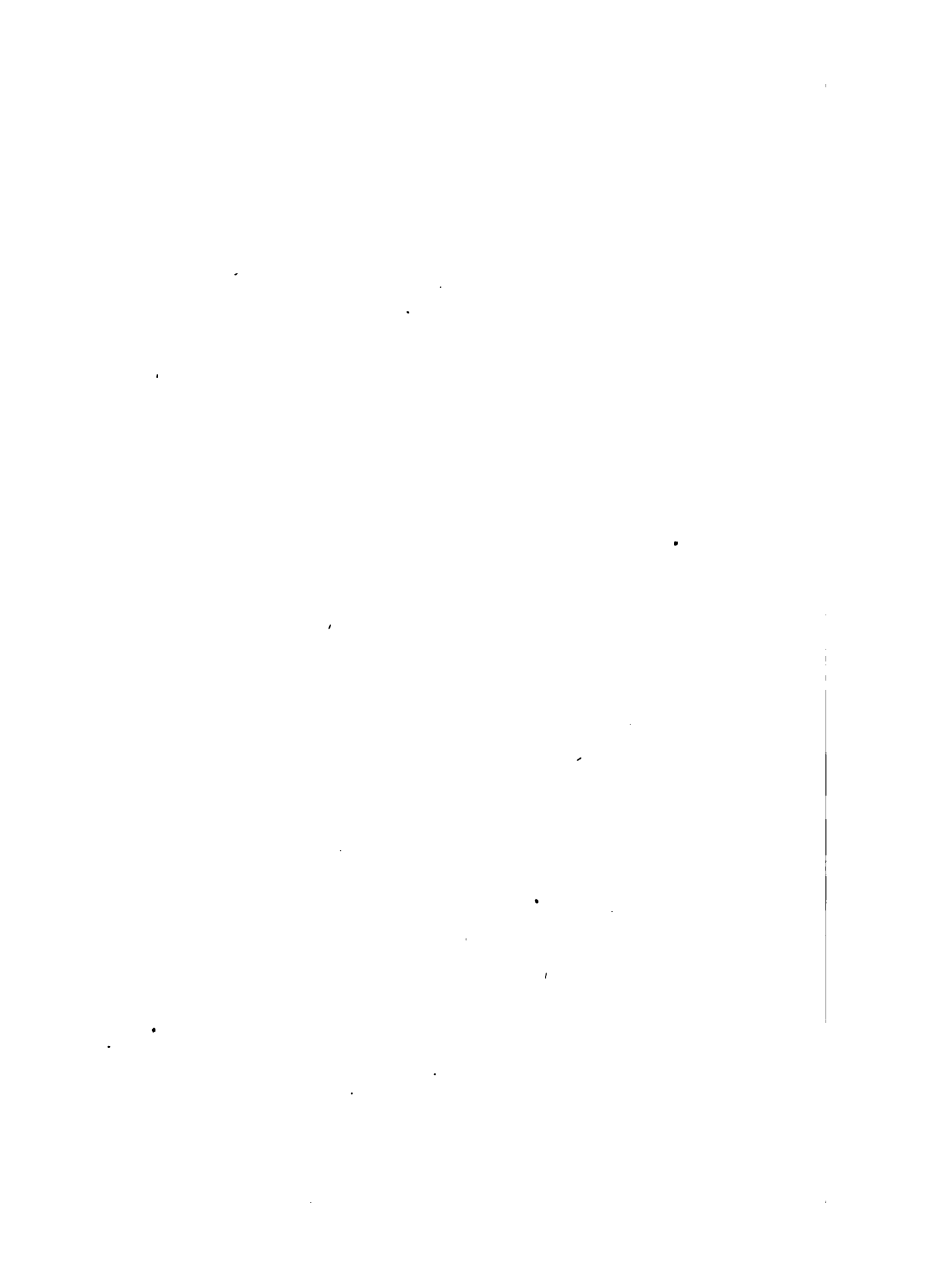


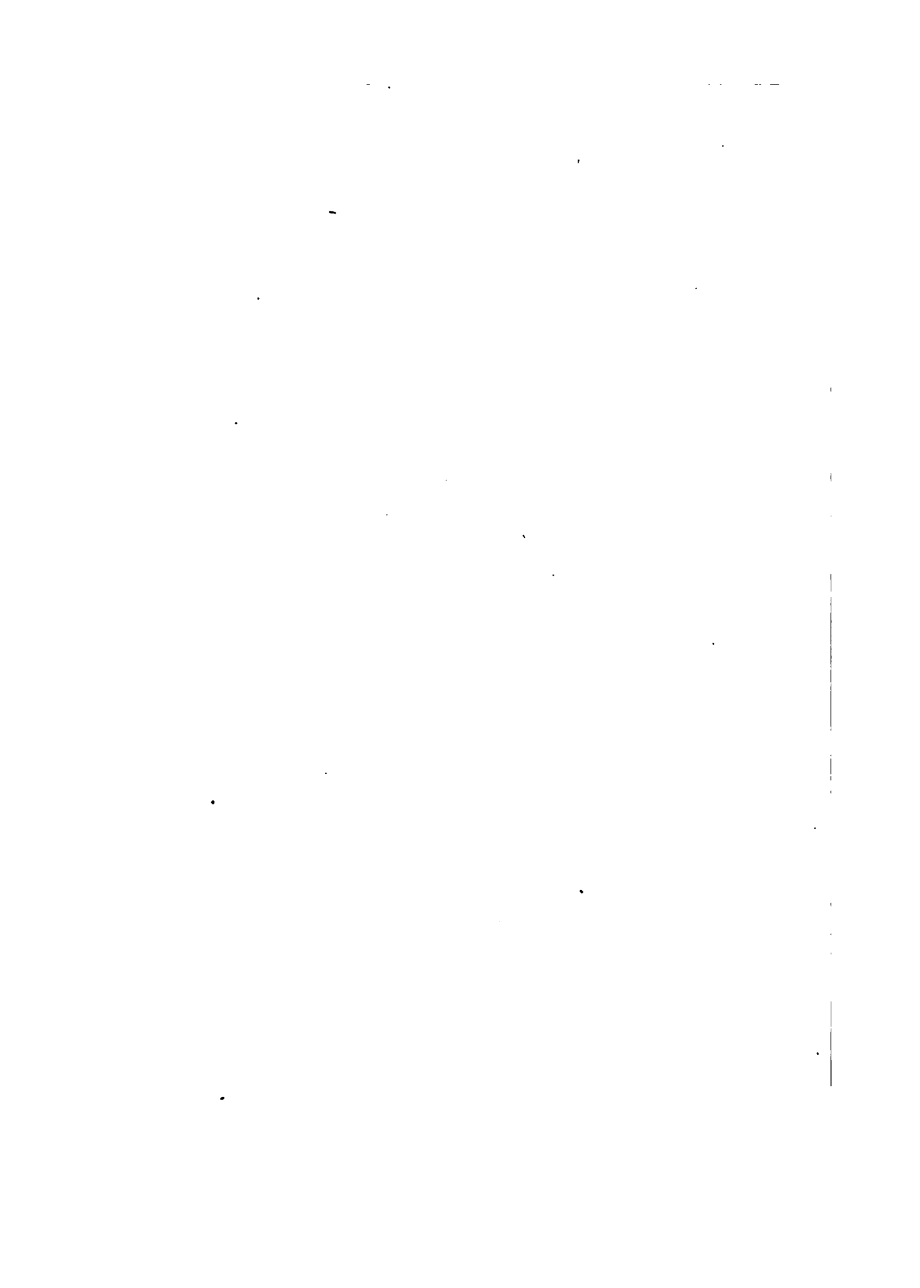




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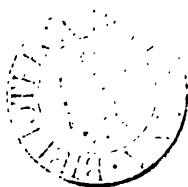


GREAT BRITTAINES
SVNNES-SET,

*BEWAILED WITH A SHOW-
ER OF TEARES.*

BY

WILLIAM BASSE.

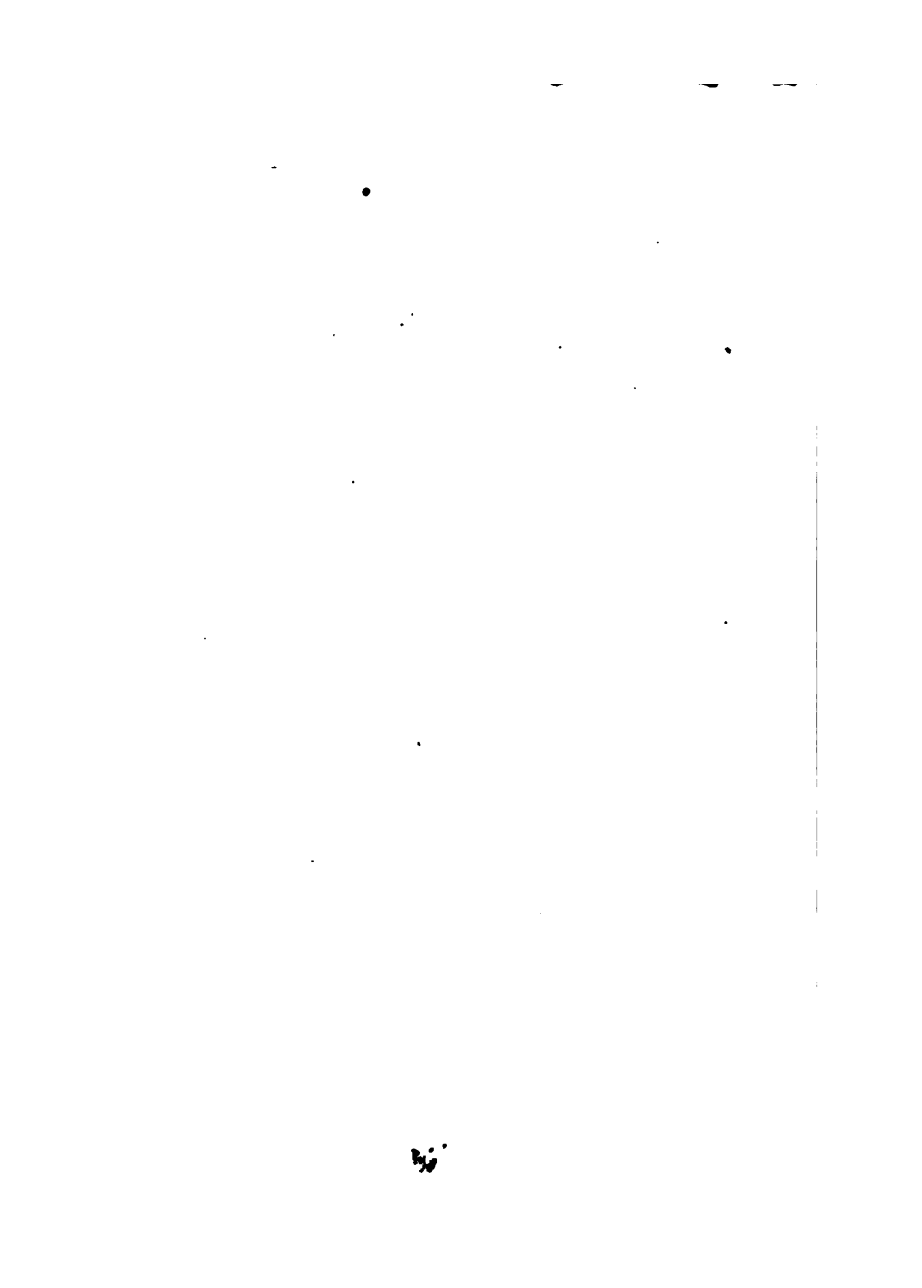


*AT OXFORD,
Printed by Ioseph Barnes. 1613.*

FACSIMILED BY W. H. ALLNUTT.

OXFORD. 1872.

*Arch B. d. B.
7. 124.*



SOME time since, upon taking a book from one of the shelves of a gallery in the Bodleian Library, I discovered, *pasted on the inside of the binding*, a fragment of an old poem, which struck me as curious, one stanza only being printed on a page; I had it damped off, and the title-page appeared on the other side:—*Great Brittaines Sunnes-set, &c.*

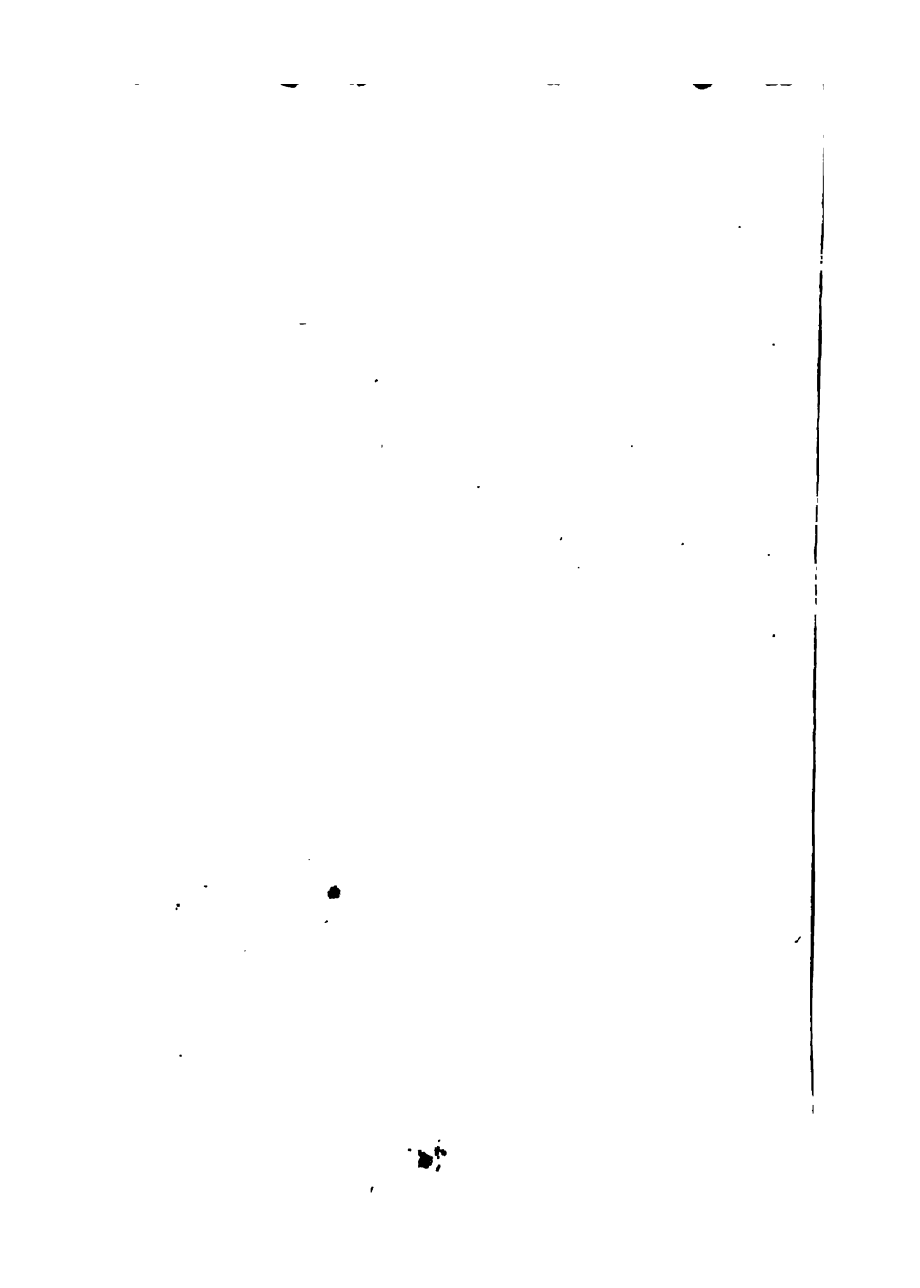
On referring to various bibliographical works I found that no perfect copy was known to exist; I accordingly searched very carefully for *the remainder of the poem*, and at last perfected *one copy*, and have never been able to find another. The fragment, consisting of sheet A (14 pp.) sold at Dr. Bandinel's sale in 1861, for £3 3s. od., was purchased for the Bodleian Library; ^{the Bodleian Lib.} ~~that~~ I have now perfected and it may be considered *unique*. ^{Bodleian Mus.}

W. H. ALLNOTT.

Jan. 10, 1873.

PERCY VILLA,

THE PARK, OXFORD.



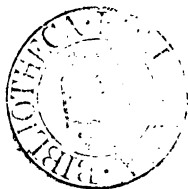
GREAT BRITAINES
SUNNESSET,

BEMAILED WITH A SHOW
ER OF TEARES.

BY

WILLIAM BASSE.

AT OXFORD,
Printed by Ioseph Barnes. 1613.





TO HIS HONOVABLE
MASTER S^r RICHARD
WENMAN Knight.



(1)

A Soule ore-laden with a greater Summe
Of ponderous sorrow then she can sustaine,
(Like a distressed sayle that labours home)
Some object seekes, where to she may complaine,
Not that (poore soule) hir object can draw from
Hir groaning breast th' occasion of hir paines
But overcharg'd with Teares (shee (widow-like) bestowes
Vpon hir best friends cares, some children of her woes.
A 2 Not

(2)

Not (like a whetstone) civilly ~~discuss~~
First caught my sword and fiddle (yea to me)
Doe I as Flacks, now wear my lance,
Not chase a crow, or become an answerer
My weightier friends now (Dane St) perchance
These her afflicted friends to your view come
Whole face and noble mind (we're not this guide you)
Would to my plains be kind, if I complain'd alone.
But

(3)

But such true arguments of inward woe
In your sad face, I lately haue beheld,
As if your teares (like floods that overflowe
Their liquid shores) alone, would haue excell'd
This generall *Deluge* of our eies, that so
Sea-like our earth-like cheekes hath over-swell'd:
As if your heart would send forth greatest lamentation,
Or strine to comprehend our vniuersall passion.

A 3

And

The above is a true and correct copy of the original document as it appears in the files of the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, Washington, D. C.

(5)

To you I therefore weep; To you alone
I shew the image of your teares, in mine;
That mine (by shewing your teares) may be shew'n
To be like yours, so faithfull, so divine:
Such, as more make the publique woe their owne,
Then their woe publique. such as not confine
Theselves to times, nor yet forms frō examples borrow:
Where losse is infinit, there boundlesse is the sorrow.

A 4



The first of these is the fact that the
 world is not a uniform place. It is a
 place of great diversity, and it is
 this diversity which makes it so
 interesting. It is the fact that
 there are so many different kinds of
 people and things in the world
 that it is so much more
 than just a collection of
 things. It is a place of
 life and movement, and it is
 this which makes it so
 valuable.

(7)

Liketo a changeling(in his sleepes)become
Rob'dofhis sexe, by some prodigious cause;
I am turn'd woman : watriſh feares benumbe
My Heate : my Maſculline exiſtence thawes
To teares, wherein I could againe entombe
His tombe, or penetrate hir marble iawes :
ac, O , why ſhould I twice entombe him! O what folly
'ere it to pierce (with ſighes) amonument ſo holy!
Here

(3)

How then can I do this? I am of my own
in some 'old' manner or complaining voice?
Faint whisper young blood while older pens compose
More intense than was in some of these.
And as these happy words did have, perhaps
It is now my words, in some then I am a bit piece-
Now the melody is done, now let his Face each fill;
So, now I am then perfect'd - in both perfect him still

Or,

(9)

Or, like a *Nymph* distracted or undone
With blubber'd face, hands wrong, neglected haire,
Run through moist Valleys, through wide deserts run
Let speech-lesse *Echo* echo thy dispaire.
Declare th' untimely Set of Brittaines Sun
To forrowing Shepheards : To sad *Nymphes* declare
That such a night of woes, his *Occident* doth follow
That *Day* in darknes clothes, and mourner makes *Apollo*.
But

(10)

... the Father's choice: none 'express'd the least
... Nature was the best in all things form'd.
... (none) more than his FATHER) best;
... than to be as he was borne:
... as anyone all others blest,
... as anyone has much adorn. (cies?)
... as anyone, who can, & give thee all thy du-
... as anyone, or much, more, death, & beauties.
Father

(ii)

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122

Die erste Zeit der Freiheit
des Menschen war immer (Gott)
Die erste Freiheit des Menschen war
Nur die Freiheit des Menschen
Die zweite Zeit der Freiheit
des Menschen war immer (Gott)
Die dritte Zeit der Freiheit
des Menschen war immer (Gott)
Die vierte Zeit der Freiheit
des Menschen war immer (Gott)

(13)

How many braue Deedes ha's the wounded wombe
Of Hope, mis-carried, now, before their time?
How many high designes haue seene their doome
Before their birth, Or perish'd in their Prime?
How many beauties drown'd are in his tombe?
How many glories, with him, heav'ns do clime?
How many sad cheekes mourne, Him laid in Earth to see
As they to earth would turne, his Sepulcher to be.

Like

(14)

Like a high Pyramis, in all his towers
Finish'd this morning, and laid prostrate soone;
Like as if *Night's* blacke and incestuous howers
Should force *Apollo's* beauty before Noone:
Like as some strange change in the heav'nly powers
Should in his *Ful* quench the refulgent *Moon*:
So H², his daies, his light, and his life (here) expir'd
New-built, most (*SE-like*) bright Ful M², & most admir'd.
But

(15)

But H is a v'n t, Disposers of all *Life and Death*,
Thas our p^{ie}d pride, and wretched liues mislike,
Tooke H i m that's gone (from vs) to better breath
Vs that remaine, with (death from him) to strike.
His flower-like youth here, there more flourisheth,
His graces then, are now more Angel-like.
those glories that in Him, so shone, now shine much more
Our glories now are dim, that shin'd in him before.

A

And

(16)

And thou faire Ile, whose three-fold beauties face
Enchantes the Three-fork'd Scepter of thy Lover,
Nae with thine owne eyes drown't thy lap, the place
That his enamour'd armes and streames would cover:
Take true and two-fold vse of grieffe, That grace
May with affliction now, it selfe discover.
No teares thou dost begin, to shed for HENRYES sake.
Inue for thy sinne, which made Heau'n Henry take,
THAT

That thy iust IAMES, who hitherto hath sway'd
 Thy Scepter Many-fold, and ample Frame,
 Many more ages, yet, may Iue obey'd
 T'enlarge thy glories, and to yeeld the same
 Divine examples vnto CHARLES that made
 HENRY so noble, and so great in Fame.
 For who but such a King, as He, can such another
 In place of *Henry* bring? who match him but a BROTHER.
B 2
And

And neighbour Lands to-whome our moantes we lent
 May to our greater losse no w lend vs theirs.
Florrnce hir old Duke mourn'd but we lament
 A greater then a Duke in flowring yeares.
Spaine for a *Queene* hir eies sad moisture spent:
 We for a Prince (and for a Man) shed teares. (Smarted;
 But *France* whose cheek's still wet, nearest our grieve hath
 For she from *Henry* Great; wee from Great *Henry* parted.
 And

(19)

And thus, As I have scene an even, showre,
(When *Phæbus* to *Iones* other splendent heyres
Bequeath'd the Day) downe from *Olympus* powre.
When Earth in teares of Trees, and Trees in teares
Of Mountaines wade: Like some neglected flowre
(Whose sorrow is scarce visible with theirs)
Downe to my silent brest my hidden face I bow:
My *Phæbus* in his Rest, hath hid his heav'nly brow.

FINIS.

A MORNING AFTER MOVRNING.

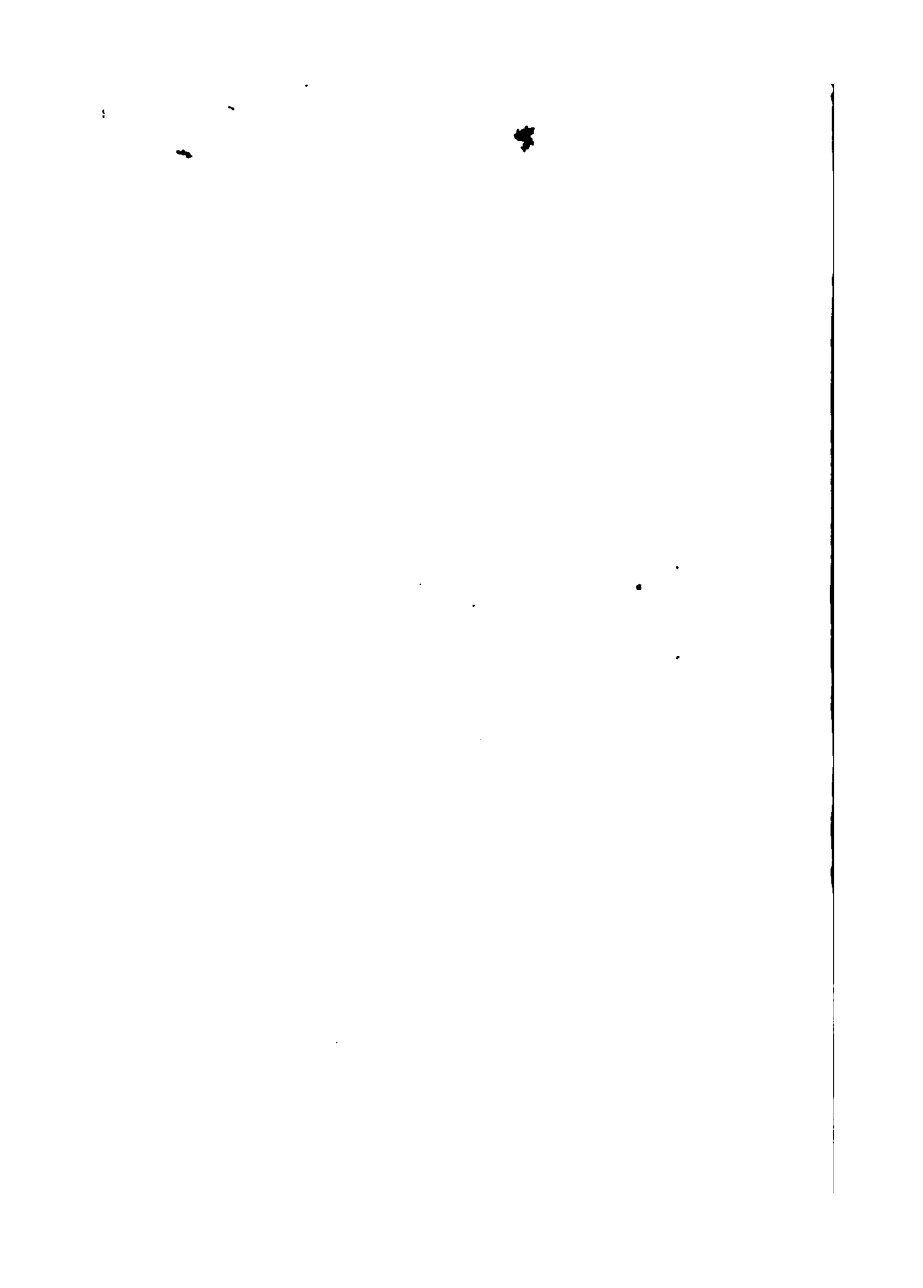
Let me no longer Presse your gentle eies,
 Be'ing of themselves franke of religious teares :
 But stanch these streames with solace from the Skies ;
 Whence *Hymen* deck'd in Saffron robes appeares.
 Let *Henry* now rest in our memories,
 And let the *Rest*, rest in our eies and eares. (ning
 Now He hath had his Rites, Let Those haue their ador-
 By whose bright beames our Night of mourning ha's a
 (morning.

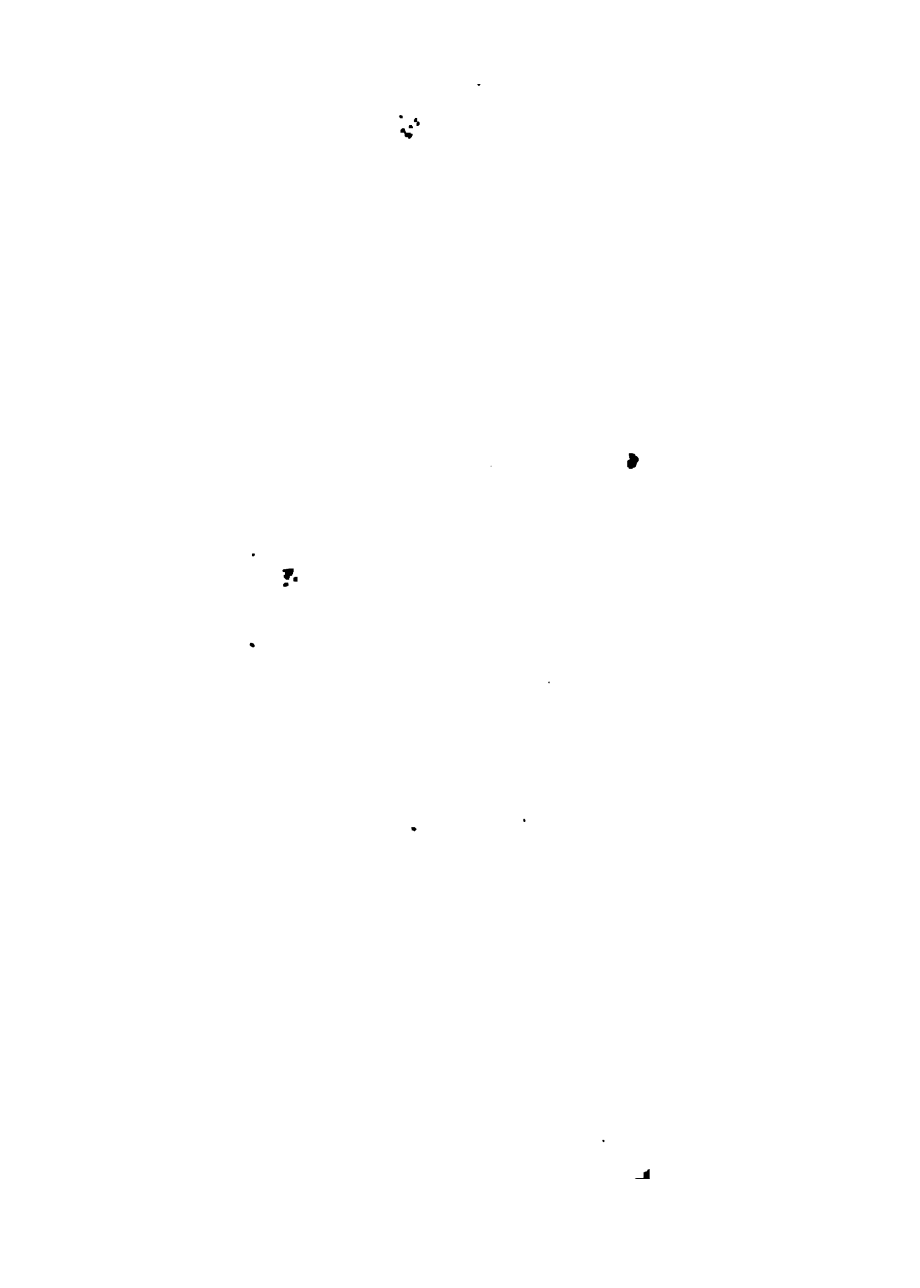
(22)

And now (my *Muse*) vnmasque thee : And see how
A second *Sonne* in *Henries* place doth shine.
See *Five* great *Feastes* all meete in one Day, now.
Our *MARRIAGE* keeps his *Sabbath* most divine.
Ips and *Rhene* are ioyn'd in sacred vow;
And faire *Elice's* *Fredericke's* *Valentine*.
The *Court* in loy attires hir splendent brow :
The *Country* *throne*; And all in mirth combine.
Five-times be hallowed, The Day, wherein, *God* rest,
Saints triumph, Princes wed: & Court & Country feast.

FINIS.

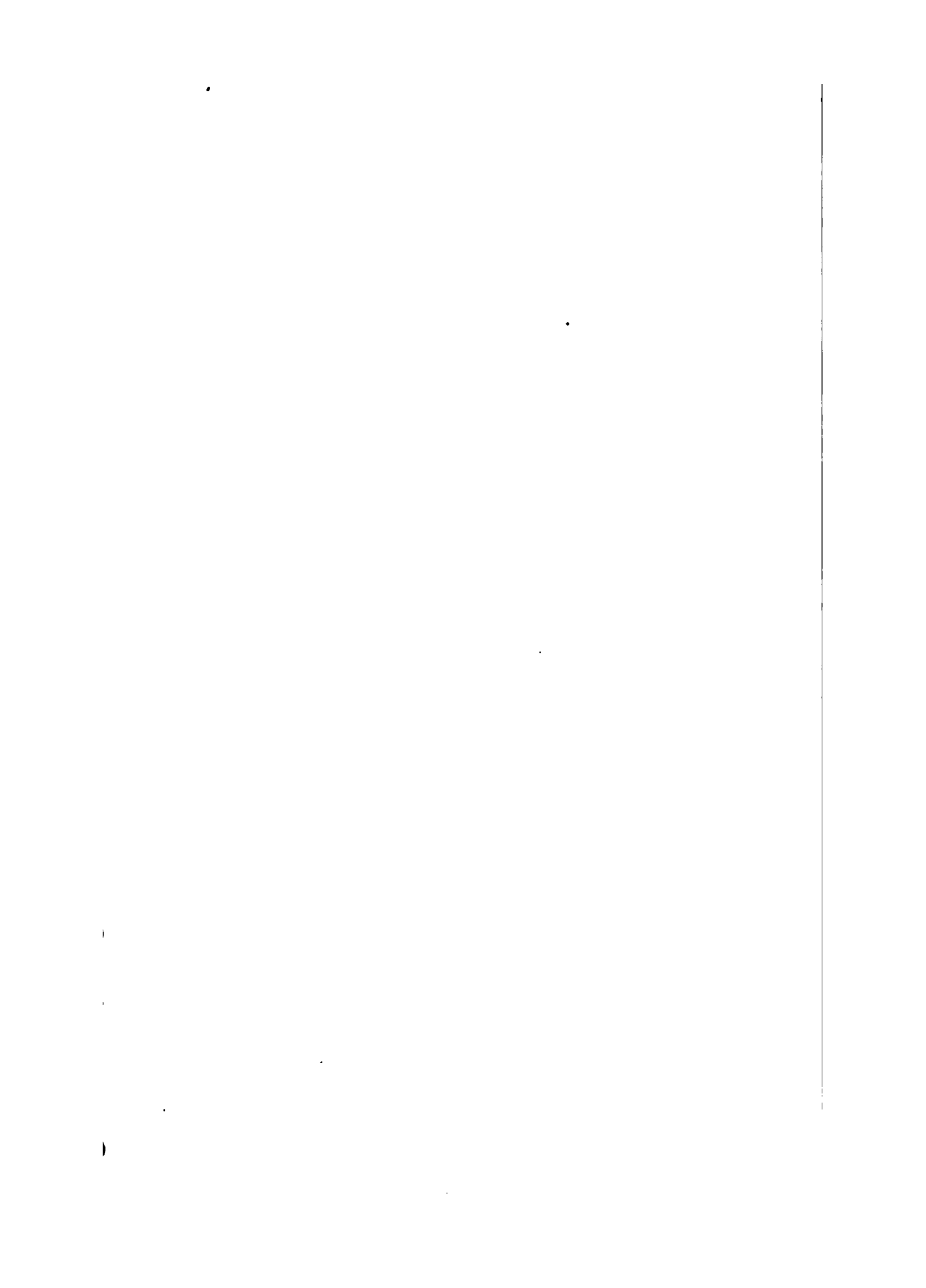
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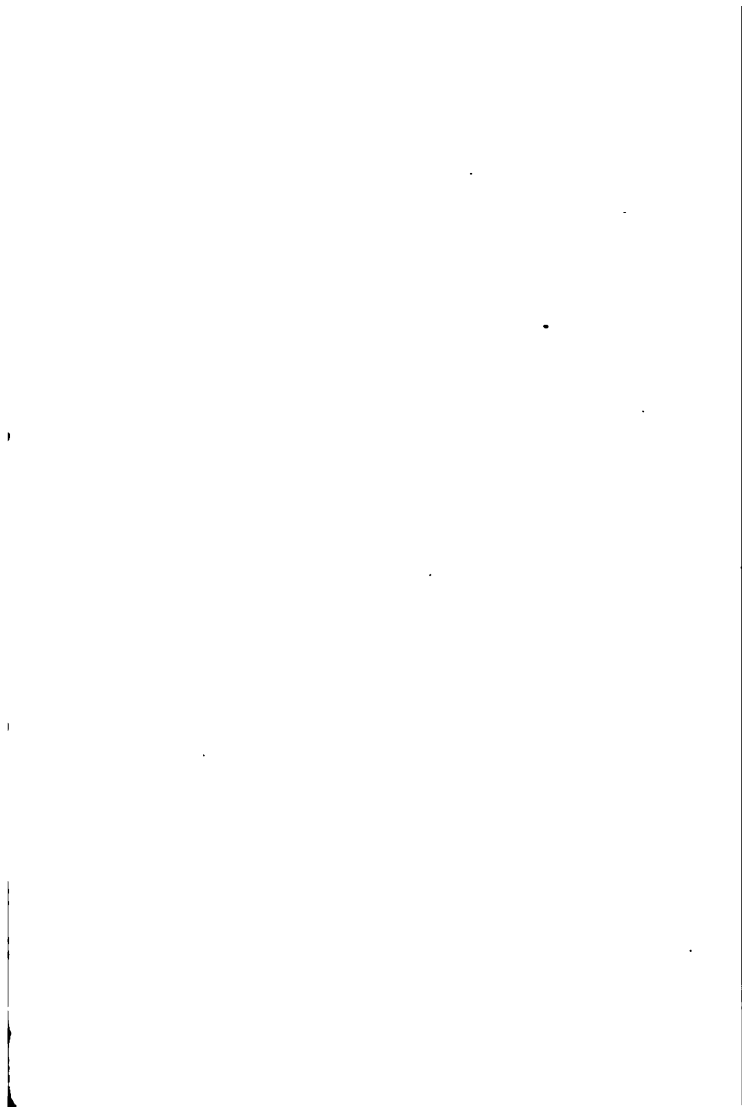
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